

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 4.

WHEN FOUND——

THE portrait of Daniel Grant, which forms the frontispiece to the present number, is one of a series of pencil drawings of notable personages of the time taken from life by the Rev. T. Kilby, of Wakefield. It is reproduced by the kind permission of his granddaughter, Miss Ada Moore, of Duffield, Derby. An enlarged reproduction in platinotype, measuring twelve inches by ten, is to be obtained of Mr. W. R. Deighton, 4 and 3A, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross. Price 5s. each.

* * *

The small excitement which prevailed in literary circles in Brighton whilst the correspondence over "Dickens the Glorified Reporter" was appearing in the local paper, has died away calmly with no apparent ill effects. Many views have been expressed *pro* and *con*, and it is not even necessary to ask, "Stands Dickens where he did?" No harm has accrued, of course, but it has suggested the subject for a paper to Mr. J. W. T. Ley, the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, who will deliver it at Rochester on the 13th.

* * *

The name of Weller is a common enough one nowadays, and more than one member of the Fellowship belongs to the respected family. We doubt, however, whether anyone who possesses it as a surname is really in such a state of ignorance as the London omnibus driver, boasting the full patronymic of Samuel Weller, who recently confessed that he never heard of either Pickwick or Charles Dickens.

* * *

A contemporary, in referring to the agitated state of America over the fate of Little Nell, makes the following statement regarding Smike:—"When 'Smike' was known to be in the last stages of decline or broken heart, the next number of *Nicholas Nickleby* was watched for with intense interest, and men of business asked each other in the streets of London: 'Do you know whether Smike is dead?' At last the pathetic story came out, and in the newspapers of the day appeared a separate obituary notice regarding the death, and the column in which it was announced was 'put in mourning,' as if some great public character had passed away, so vivid and real was the impersonation by the great master of this, perhaps, the most pathetic child of his imagination." We wonder what newspaper that was, and what the date.

Arrangements are being made by the Council of the Fellowship for a series of pilgrimages to districts of Dickens country during the summer months. In connection with these, Mr. Cato Worsfold, the author of a monograph on Staple Inn and a member of the Fellowship, has kindly offered to conduct a party over that old London landmark, in which scenes in *Edwin Drood* were enacted. Full particulars of this visit and others will be duly announced.

* * *

A Charles Dickens Bazaar will be held on May 17th, 18th, 19th, in aid of St. Winifred's Youths' Institute and Mission, Rotherhithe, S.E. The work of the Institute is purely unsectarian and quite voluntary, in a very poor locality. If any Dickens lovers care to help in the good work by sending small gifts for sale, or could assist in any way, the committee would be very grateful. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. Albert Elliss, 112, Lower Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

MR. M. H. SPIELMANN AND THE FELLOWSHIP

IN the last issue of *The Dickensian* the construction put upon a phrase of Mr. M. H. Spielmann's, quoted from an interview with him which appeared in the *Manchester Courier*, was an entirely erroneous one. What Mr. Spielmann intended to convey was, that whereas the Fellowship is the society for the worshipper of Dickens, the Boz Club is a reply to the oft-repeated statement that Dickens is "vulgar," and that it is only the "people" and no longer the intellectuals who accept him.

Readers of *The Dickensian* and all Dickens lovers will heartily endorse these sentiments, and I am extremely sorry for misinterpreting Mr. Spielmann's words. I therefore take this first opportunity of expressing my regret for the comment made upon them.

THE EDITOR.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

IV

A SONNET

O H, potent wizard ! painter of great skill,
 Blending with life's realities the hues
 Of rich fancy : sweetest of all singers !
 Charming the public ear, and at thy will,
 Searching the soul of him thou dost amuse,
 And the warm heart's recess, where memory lingers
 And child-like love, and sympathy, and ruth,
 And every blessed feeling which the world
 Had frozen or repressed with its stern apathy
 For human suffering ! "Crabbed age and youth,"
 And beauty, smiling tearful, turn to thee,
 Whose "Carol" is an allegory fine,
 The burden of whose "Chimes" is holy and benign !

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine,
March, 1845.

DICKENS AND CHILDREN

BY J. W. T. LEY



LITTLE NELL

Engraved from a Wedgwood Ware Plaque by R. Langton

I AM often asked why I love Dickens, and the question is not so easy of answer as may seem. I may say, "Because of the noble work he did in righting social wrongs," and promptly I am met with the reply, "Charles Reade did a similar work." I may say that I love Dickens because he had a keen sympathy with his fellow-beings; and I am told, "So had George Eliot; so had Scott; so had Charles Lamb." Of course, such replies do not "floor" me (as Mr. Micawber would say), but none the less, they show that such reasons as these are not conclusive without argument to support them. But I have one reason which never fails me. The trait in Dickens that endears him to me more than any other is the manifest love for children which we find in every one of his books. He may be compared with others

as a social reformer, as a humorist, as a writer of pathos (though don't for one moment imagine I am prepared to admit that he suffers by the comparison), but as a lover of children he stands alone among our great novelists.

I have read that his knowledge of children was superficial. I hope I shall not be regarded as a "heretic" if I say that in some instances his child characters are not very convincingly drawn—Florence Dombey, for example—but, in my opinion, no writer displays a keener appreciation of the joys and sorrows of childhood than he. He tells us in *The Old Curiosity Shop*: "I love these dear little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us"; and everywhere we have evidence of how his large heart opened to the little ones.

Never is he more passionate than when dealing with some little one doomed to suffering and distress. Anything in the shape of unkindness to children moved him to unqualified indignation. In *Mugby Junction* he says: "It is not much for a blind and sinful man to invoke a blessing on something so far better than himself as a little child is, but it would be much—much upon his guilty soul—if he could be so wicked as to invoke a curse." In *Great Expectations* we read this: "In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice."

And in a speech he once made he said: "I know . . . that any heart that could really toughen its affections and sympathies against these dear little people must be so wanting in so many humanising experiences of innocence and tenderness as to be quite an unsafe monstrosity amongst men."

It is a curious fact that never in his books do we find a happy child. We get just a glimpse of David Copperfield's happy infancy, but it is only a glimpse, and it is soon clouded; and I cannot call to mind a single instance in which he pictures a completely happy

child. I have said that this is a curious fact, and surely it is at first sight curious that our greatest optimist and humorist should have failed in this respect? Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, in her recently published book, *The Philosophy of Dickens*, sees in this a deliberate purpose. "To leave that fearful void where the gaiety of little ones should be," she says, "was like Christmas bell-ringers pulling at bells for ever dumb; or recalls that dim, terrible old legend of the evil spirit, who, disguised as a chorister, entered the monastery choir, and sang so divinely that the good brothers thought him to be an archangel—only that whenever one word occurred he was dumb. It was an ominous word—he could not utter the Holy Name." "This," says Mrs. Saunders elsewhere, "is to my mind the deepest and most pathetic note in all Dickens's sweet philosophy. That solemn, wan-faced procession of ill-used children, whose joyful shouts are utterly silent, who rarely smile, who never laugh, does not walk slowly through his changing scenes for nothing, dragging bruised feet, holding loose rags, gazing out of the shadows with large, timid, woeful eyes, and over the whole crowd that pall of perfect silence and stillness—perfect despair!"

Is it necessary for me to suggest to readers of such a magazine as this that the secret of Dickens's sympathy with neglected childhood is to be found in the story of his own early days? No need to recount that sad story here. We know the memory of that time lasted with him through life. Long after he was the most popular living writer he related the story to Forster, and said: "My whole nature was so penetrated with grief and humiliation . . . that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children, even that I am a man, and wander desolately back to that time. From that hour until this at which I write," he added, "no word of that part of my childhood . . . has passed my lips to any human being. . . . I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with anyone, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God." Is it any wonder, therefore, that we find in all his books a whole-souled sympathy for suffering and neglected childhood? He believed, as I believe, that a little innocent child is the most beautiful of all God's creations, and to him any unkindness to one of these little ones was a sin deserving of the strongest condemnation.

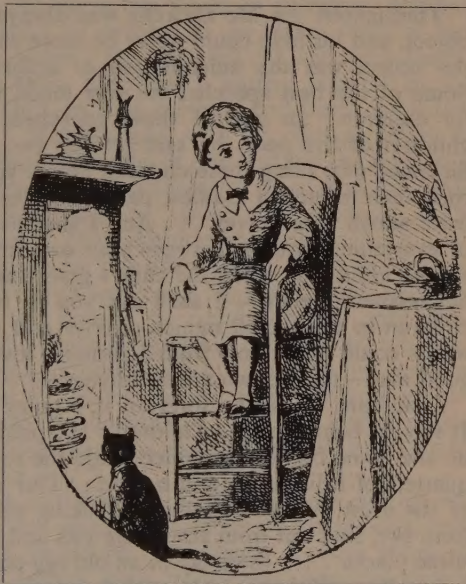
I am told that almost every scene in which *Oliver Twist* appears is bathos. If that be so, then all I can say is, "Thank God for such bathos." We know how Little Nell gained the love and sympathy of the English-speaking world, and there can be little question that the interest which was taken in this child had a very great deal to do with the revolution which took place, during her creator's lifetime, in the treatment of children. That she is not always a convincing reality, I am not prepared to deny—I am quite willing to concede that much to the "heretics"—but I know that to thousands she was and is very real, that she was followed in her wanderings by the whole English-speaking people, and that the world wept when she died. Dickens himself has told us how he received letters from numberless strangers pleading with him to let her live; or telling him of some little one of their own

whom they had lost, and who in this or that respect had resembled Little Nell. Of the softening influence which this character exercised over worldly men Bret Harte has told us. And when I remember all these things, surely it is not difficult for me to forgive the technical faults of this book? Surely I am justified in saying that Dickens is worthy of something more than mere cold criticism?

The late George Gissing—as genuine a lover of Dickens as ever lived—could find no excuse for Little Paul. I know this, that Paul's sad little life story moved the world, and moves it to-day, almost as much as Little Nell's. Poor Jo is, to my mind, one of the least real of all the characters in Dickens, but by the aid of the neglected cross-ing-sweeper the master struck a great blow for the homeless children of our big cities.

It would be easy to quote numerous passages from his books to show what a delight he had in the innocence of childhood. In one of his shorter works he says: "The children that we once were are not lost to the knowledge of our Creator. Those innocent creatures will appear with us before Him, and plead for us." I cannot imagine a more beautiful sentiment than this. The happy memories of childhood were to him the best of all. Listen to this, from *Hard Times*: "The dreams of childhood—its airy fables, its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the strong ways of the world, where it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise." And yet we have been told lately that there is no beauty in Dickens!

I do not think it will be out of place if I quote now the words of Dickens's daughter Maimie. In her charming little book, *My Father as I recall Him*, she says: "In all our childish ailments his visits were eagerly looked forward to; and our little hearts would beat a shade faster, and our aches and pains become more bearable, when the sound of his quick footstep was heard, and the encouraging accents of his



LITTLE PAUL DOMREY

From the cover of Reading edition of the story

voice greeted the invalid. I can remember now, as if it were yesterday, how the touch of his hand . . . was almost too much sometimes, the help and hope in it making my heart full to overflowing." Again, she says: "I can remember with us, his own children, how kind, considerate, and patient he always was. But we were never afraid to go to him in any trouble, and never had a snub from him or a cross word under any circumstances. He was always glad to give us 'treats,' as he called them, and used to conceive all manner of these treats for us, and if any favour had to be asked we were always sure of a favourable answer."

Throughout his life Dickens was always ready to assist any good object, and his help could never be more surely relied upon than when the object was the amelioration of suffering among the little ones. Some of the best speeches he ever made were on behalf of hospitals for children. In one of these speeches, referring to the unhappy children of the poor, he said: "The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves. . . . And I shall ask you, by the remembrance of everything that lies between your own infancy and that so misnamed second childhood when the child's graces are gone, and nothing but its helplessness remains—I shall ask you to turn your thoughts to these children in the sacred names of Pity and Compassion." Surely such words could come only from a genuine lover of children—and from a good man—for the two are synonymous?

I am sure I shall be forgiven if I quote once more from a speech. It was on behalf of the Children's Hospital in London. He told how he and some friends had once made the round of some of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh, and he said: "Our way lay from one to another of the most wretched dwellings, reeking with horrible odours, shut out from sky, shut out from air—mere pits and dens. In a room in one of these places . . . there lay in an old egg-box . . . a little wasted, wan, sick child. With his little wasted face, and his little hot, worn hands folded over his breast, and his little bright, attentive eyes, I can see him now, as I have seen him for several years, looking steadily at us. There he lay in his little frail box . . . quite quiet, quite patient, never saying a word. 'He seldom cried,' the mother said; 'he seldom complained.' He lay there 'seemin' to wonder what it was a' about.' God knows, I thought he had his reasons for wondering. . . . There he lay, looking at us, saying, in his silence, more eloquently than I have ever heard anything said by any orator in my life: 'Will you please to tell me what this means, strange man? And if you can give me any good reason why I should be so soon so far advanced on my way to Him who said that children were to come into His presence, and were not to be forbidden, but who scarcely meant, I think, that they should come by this hard road by which I am travelling, pray give that reason to me, for I seek it very earnestly, and wonder about it very much! Many a poor child," he added, "sick and neglected, I have seen since that time . . . but at all such times I have seen my poor little drooping friend in his egg-box, and he has always addressed his dumb speech to me, and I have always found him wondering what it meant, and why, in the name of a gracious God, such things should be."

AN AMERICAN DICKENS CLUB

BY J. CUMING WALTERS

FOR nearly ten years it has been my privilege—one which I share with some dozen other corresponding members—to watch the work and the progress of a Club the very institution of which must be a source of gratification to the lovers and the fellow-countrymen of Charles Dickens. In 1894 a Boston lady, Mrs. Adelaide H. Garland, who had already drawn around her a few lovers of literature, decided to found a society which should be devoted to the loving study of the works of that novelist, “for whom,” she has said, “I had such heart-interest.” About that time there had been a fatuous attempt by an American clique to belittle Dickens, and rumours had been circulated that his force was declining. Mrs. Garland, with the courage which is born of pure affection, resolved on action to demonstrate the novelist’s living and undiminished force and his potency for good, and the “All Around Dickens Club of New England” came into existence, with herself naturally as President. That position she still holds, and if the slightest doubt of her fitness for the office should be raised, let the concluding words in the Secretary’s last report allay it. “Had Dickens lived until the present day,” she writes, “he could have felt only satisfaction and pride in seeing the Chair of the Club occupied by the lady who has laboured unceasingly to perpetuate his memory and keep it green. . . . We have worked for the love of our work, deriving enthusiasm from our President’s untiring devotion. . . . I will only add the familiar words spoken at another anniversary—‘Here’s to her. There never was another woman like her.’”

But there is independent testimony as to the success of the All Around Dickens Club, as to the spirit of harmony which prevails, and as to the solid excellence of its results. Personally I could speak of the pleasure and the profit derived even from casual correspondence with a true enthusiast who has formed a Dickens chain around the English-speaking world, with herself as the central link. But on this I need not dilate. Before me lie the yearly records of the Club, dainty volumes one and all, chronicling events, reviewing achievements, looking forward to future advance. As an educational movement the Club has been of immense service, for Dickens’s works have been systematically read, discussed, explained; journeys through the real Dickens land have been organised; and personal contact has been established with the kith and kin, the surviving friends, and the most notable disciples of the revered master of Gadshill. Christmas is celebrated in faithful Dickensian style. The anniversary of the day which gave Dickens to the world is solemnly commemorated. Papers on Dickens subjects are received and read from correspondents in England, Australia, Canada, and other parts of the world. Current literature is carefully edited, and the Club officials justly pride themselves that in such matters they may paraphrase Mr. Chester’s maxim and declare, “We are nothing if we are not accurate.” A ten years’ retrospect, which Mrs. Garland has just issued, is one of the most interesting of Club chronicles, and its simple statement of what has been accomplished almost puts English devotees

to the blush. "I raised a high standard for my Club," says Mrs. Garland. "I am proud to-day that we have kept to it."

The Club motto—could there be a better?—is "Stand by." And the members have stood by, in every sense. The Club flower is, of course, his favourite, the scarlet geranium. Among the honorary members are Dickens's surviving sons and daughters, including Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., and a few leading English authors. In 1894 the total membership, so far as I can ascertain, was just under a hundred; it does not seem to be quite so large now, though I understand that last year the attendance at meetings was larger than ever before. All the officers, and nearly all the ordinary members, are ladies. The programmes exhibit remarkable variety and betoken original talent and patient research among the contributors. Meeting weekly, the members are regaled with three or four papers—some, of course, only short communications—each evening, and it is evident that the Club is never gruelled for lack of matter. Usually a volume is selected for the night, and various phases of it treated. It may be that the whole purpose of the author is dealt with, or a single chapter analysed; occasionally I find merely



ALL AROUND DICKENS CLUB
BOSTON

Certificate of Membership

Mr. J. Cuminy Watten.

Adelaide H. Garland
President.

a sentence or a catch-word sufficient to provide the theme. All this must make for so thorough a familiarity with and so complete an understanding of Dickens's pages, that all of us who have long since recognised the preciousness of his possession may almost feel envy of the opportunities provided for the Boston Club.

Of the spirit in which the work is done two examples may be cited, one from the 1899 Report and the other from the 1901 Report. In the former year *David Copperfield* was taken. "How many readings have we all given!" wrote Mrs. Garland. "Can any of us indicate what *Copperfield* has made us feel, or say what in this classic we most value its author for?" In the second year *Dombey* was considered. "In most thorough fashion," ran the record, "with scholarly conception and loving appreciation, we have enlarged upon the work in our year's reading together, from first acquaintance in a darkened chamber to the

last pictures. The sincere and cultivated way in which the masterpieces are read in these rooms cannot be extolled too highly. I have been told that the familiar books seem like new stories when read here, such careful attention is given to every line of them." The Club has already projected a magazine, and if the idea materialises into reality there should be excellent and valuable reading for all Dickens students.

But as I look through the pleasant and stimulating pages of Mrs. Garland's yearly reviews, perceive the richness of the harvest, understand the possibilities of the future, and yet read that "this Club is the first incorporated Dickens Society in the world," the idea comes to me that now there is a large and flourishing Fellowship in England, there might be a joining of hands and forces even as there is a union of sentiment. I do not suggest that either organisation should lose its independence or sacrifice its identity. But we might have some closer connection, a federation, an Anglo-American alliance, which would be fitting in itself, in accord with Dickensian sentiment, and a means of strength to the whole community of Dickens lovers the world over. I do not venture to do more than cast this seedling of suggestion into the air and wait to see whither the wind carries it, to barren or to fruitful soil. But whatever may come of the idea, we in England may whole-heartedly wish continued success to the All Around Dickens Club of Boston, with its inspiring mission, its elevated standard, its kindly spirit, and its worthy homage to a great mind.

CHARLES DICKENS AND LIVERPOOL*

MR. C. C. BOWES, who was the first secretary of the Liverpool branch of the Dickens Fellowship, has just published a pamphlet dealing with the associations of Dickens with that town. It is extremely well done, and will be valued by all admirers of the novelist as containing the speeches he delivered on the various occasions he appeared publicly in the city, and other matter of great interest. There is an introduction by Dr. Edgar Browne, in which he says that Dickens's books "do not excite such universal admiration as aforesaid they did. The inevitable reaction has begun. . . . It is too much to expect a generation which takes itself seriously before its school days are out . . . to share the rollicking optimism and the barbaric joy of copious eating and drinking which are dominant notes in Dickens's philosophy of life." We do not share this opinion. Dickens is read to-day at least as much as he was aforesaid, and there is, we submit, no reaction set in. Nor do we agree that the "rollicking optimism" and "barbaric joy" are the dominant notes in his philosophy of life. Dickens's aim was higher than that, as every admirer and reader of his books must admit. His books are for everyone, and if the schoolboy finds the "dominant notes" referred to not meet for him, there are others. Dr. Browne speaks of the critics who "damn with faint praise." Is he not rather emulating those critics when he says, "If his (Dickens's) humour seemed a little below his books, his seriousness made amends by being decidedly better. At all events his sincerity could not be questioned"?

* *The Associations of Charles Dickens with Liverpool.* By C. C. Bowes, with an introduction by Edgar A. Browne. Liverpool: The Lyceum Press, 1s. net.

THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

BY ARTHUR HUMPHREYS

CHARLES DICKENS was probably more closely associated with Manchester than with any town or city out of London. During his various visits, which extended over a period of more than twenty-five years, he came in contact with many individuals whose characteristics furnished him with material with which he subsequently endowed the creations of his vivid imagination. Not the least noteworthy of these were the Cheeryble Brothers, who figure so prominently in the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Dickens first met them in the flesh when he visited Manchester in 1838. They were, as is now pretty generally known, the Manchester merchants, William and Daniel Grant. Coming to the cotton city from Scotland when mere youths, it is recorded of them that on reaching Nuttall they hesitated as to whether they should remain in that neighbourhood or continue on their way. They decided to test the matter by throwing up a stick and resolving that they would follow the route to which it pointed on falling. It pointed southward, and the brothers as a result reached and settled in Manchester.

A memorial of this singular incident is to be seen on the summit of a hill between Bury and Ramsbottom. It takes the form of a massive tower, and it is said that it was upon this spot that, weary, hungry, and almost penniless, they hit upon the expedient just mentioned, with a view to determining their future course.

After encountering and overcoming many difficulties, the brothers Grant succeeded in building up a large business as calico printers, and were in the heyday of prosperity when Charles Dickens first met them.

Happily, the wealth they accumulated did not spoil the simplicity of their life and character. They used their means for the benefit of their less fortunate fellows, ever bearing in mind the hardships of their own early life. Many a struggling young business man had cause to thank them for timely assistance, and there can be little doubt that Dickens had an inkling of this trait in their character, and finding them to be men after his own heart, one cannot be surprised that he made haste to use such promising material in his then forthcoming work.

Their warehouse is still standing in Cannon Street, Manchester, and is named Cheeryble House. The illustration of it which accompanies this article is from an original drawing by Mr. W. Dinsmore, who, in 1903, contributed an interesting series of articles on "Charles Dickens and Manchester" to the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*. It was in the house in Cannon Street that James Nasmyth, who subsequently became the famous engineer, was first introduced to Daniel Grant. Nasmyth at that time was just beginning his career, and in his interesting *Autobiography* he thus describes the meeting:—

"On this memorable day I had another introduction which proved of great service to me. It was to the Messrs. Grant, the famous Brothers Cheeryble of Dickens. I was taken to their counting-house in Cannon Street, where I was introduced to Daniel Grant. Although business was at its full height, he gave me a cordial reception. But, to save time, he invited me to come after the exchange was over, and take 'tiffen' with him at his hospitable mansion in Mosley Street. . . . I went

thither accordingly, and the first thing Daniel did was to present me in the most cordial manner to his 'noble brother William,' as he always affectionately called him. William was the head of the firm, and he, too, gave me a warm and hearty welcome. He asked me to sit beside him at the head of the table. . . . He took occasion to inquire into the object of my visit to Manchester. I told him as briefly as I could that I intended to begin the business of a mechanical engineer on a very moderate scale, and that I had been looking out for premises wherein to commence operations. He seemed interested and asked more questions. I related to him my little history, and told him of my desires, hopes, and aspirations. 'What was my age?' 'Twenty-six.'



CHEERYBLE HOUSE, CANNON STREET, MANCHESTER

This building was used as a warehouse by William and Daniel Grant, Dickens's "Cheeryble Brothers"

'That is a very young age to begin business on your own account. . . .'
'But what is your capital?' I told him that my capital in cash was £63. 'What!' he said, 'that will do very little for you when Saturday nights come round!' . . . He whispered to me 'to keep my heart up.' And if, he added, on any Saturday night I wanted money to pay wages or other expenses, I would find a credit for £500 at 3 per cent. at his office in Cannon Street, and no security.' These were his very words. What could have been more generous?"

Mr. Nasmyth, in concluding his story, says: "In the course of many long years of industry, enterprise, and benevolence they earned the goodwill of thousands, the gratitude of many, and the respect of all who knew them. I was only one of many who had cause to remember them with gratefulness."

William Grant, the elder of the two, died in 1842 at the age of seventy-three, and a tablet to his memory is erected in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ramsbottom. Daniel passed away in 1855, at the age of seventy-five. On his memorial tablet are the words—

"If you are in poverty, grieve for the loss of so good a friend; if born to wealth and influence, think of the importance of such a trust, and earn in like manner, by a life of charitable exertion, the respect and love of all who knew you, and the prayers and blessings of the poor."

When Dickens heard of the death of William Grant, he thus wrote from Niagara Falls: "One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers is dead. If I had been in England I would certainly have gone into mourning for the loss of such a glorious life. . . ."

The characters of the Cheeryble Brothers have always possessed a certain fascination for readers of *Nicholas Nickleby*. True, some readers may have considered the philanthropic activities of these two worthies to have bordered on the ultra-benevolent, and, in fact, may have deemed their delineation by Dickens to have come very near to grotesque exaggeration. There are, however, many proofs available that such was not the case; but the incident related by Nasmyth reveals so fully the actual characteristics of the Messrs. Grant that any unprejudiced comparison of this single illustration with the details of the lives of the brothers as depicted by Dickens must lead to the conclusion that in no point have the characters been overdrawn. The incident of the engaging of Nicholas and the interest which the Cheeryble Brothers subsequently took in his career, may with confidence be regarded as true to life, and as being only one out of scores of similar benevolent acts performed by the famous Cannon Street merchants.

The memory of these two men will long be cherished in the great northern city.

THE DOUBLE-DIAMOND PORT

ADMIRERS of *Nickleby* may recall with much pleasure the scene in which the Cheeryble Brothers produced their magnum of the old "Double-Diamond" port. How exhilarating it all is! and how we almost long for a taste of the old vintage! Many have thought that it was a sort of *fancy* brand devised by Boz himself; but I recently found that it was an actual reality. A single firm, Messrs. Morgan, have the monopoly, inheriting from a certain Mr. Dixon, who introduced the Double Diamond, and who, I think, was alive at the time Dickens celebrated it. In the thirties, port wine was in great vogue, and the choicer sorts in still greater vogue. It was wonderful, indeed, how Boz noted everything going on round him, and with his marvellous touch could give immortality to a simple bottle of wine. The firm now gratefully exhibit on their labels a well-drawn sketch of the scene—the apoplectic butler carrying the Double Diamond concealed behind—the corkscrew already inserted, all as described. The whole operation is indeed delightful and dramatic too. I may add that the firm, when confiding to me these details, hospitably added, "If you are passing by, we shall be only too happy if you will take a glass of the famous Double Diamond."

P. F.

JULES VERNE AND DICKENS

DICKENSIANS will regret the death of Jules Verne, for there was no keener lover of "Boz" than this popular French novelist. Often did he tell interviewers how much he admired the works of Charles Dickens. Only eighteen months ago he was interviewed by Mr. R. H. Sherard for *T. P.'s Weekly*, and during the interview he once more spoke of Dickens: "In this little room are the favourite books, the books one must be able to lay the immediate hand upon. You will find all Dickens there. As you know, I am a passionate admirer of Dickens. I find he has all things—wit like Sterne, of whom I am a great reader and admirer also; pathos and sentiment of the good alloy, and characters, characters, characters. *Je ne pas savoir quoi en faire*. A prodigal, a prodigal he was, like our Balzac, who created a world on which society which came afterwards modelled itself."

Amiens, 26 Février 1903

Monsieur,

Je vous envoie bien volontiers l'hommage
que vous desirez avoir pour la Société
Dickens. J'ai la plus haute idée de ce
romancier illustre que j'ai lu et relu.
Etude de mœurs, sensibilité, fantaisie,
pitie, humour, esprit (comparable à celui
de Sterne), il possède toutes ces qualités
à un degré supérieur.

Un des grands admirateurs de Charles
Dickens

Jules Verne

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM JULES VERNE

Sent to Mr. J. W. T. Ley shortly after starting the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society

"PICKWICK" BOWDLERISED*

BY CHARLES WHITCOMB

IF *Pickwick* had to be Bowdlerised, Mr. Cartwright has done it as well as anyone else could have done it. The book is abridged, too. It ends with the Trial, and sometimes pages and even whole chapters are omitted, a few sentences here and there commenting on what is given and what is omitted. Speaking of this, Mr. Cartwright says: "To insert even a word in the text itself would be an impertinence amounting almost to desecration." Well, I think it is reasonable to ask whether it does not closely resemble an impertinence to Bowdlerise the book as Mr. Cartwright has done it. I am one of those who have a strong dislike for such prudishness as that of which Mr. Cartwright is guilty.

Let us look at one or two examples of his work. Take the September shooting-party. They have lunch "side of One Tree Hill," and Mr. Pickwick imbibes too freely of punch. This last fact is omitted—as being unfit for children's perusal, I suppose—and we are told in italics that "after lunch Mr. Pickwick fell into the barrow fast asleep." Then Captain Boldwig arrives, and in answer to his interrogations Mr. Pickwick remarks, "Cold Punch." What on earth can have put this into his sleepy head? He must be dreaming of some time in his childhood, when he revelled in Punch and Judy shows. The Captain tells his man to wheel Mr. Pickwick away, and is asked, "Where shall I wheel him to, sir?" Captain Boldwig's shocking reply, "Wheel him to the devil," is deleted, and he says, "Wheel him to the Pound"! Then we read of the cricket match at Muggleton, and are given a glimpse of the dinner which succeeded it, but of the consequences of that dinner—not a word. The Fat Boy appears in the book, and his sleepiness merely draws from old Wardle, "*Drat* that boy: he's asleep again." I wonder if Mr. Cartwright knows the derivation of "*drat*." Surely he cannot, or he would not have substituted it for "damn." He would have written "*Bother* that boy." The whole of Sam Weller's valentine is omitted, for no easily imaginable reason. But, stay, Sam does misread "ashamed" as "a damned," and it would never do for children to read such a wicked word.

It was Dickens's pride that he had never written a word that could call a blush to the fairest cheek, and it has been the boast of his millions of admirers, and so I protest against this treatment of his most popular book. I say unhesitatingly that there is nothing in *Pickwick* which need hold us from putting it into the hands of our children, and so I say that Mr. Cartwright's work was, to put it mildly, unnecessary. *Pickwick* as Dickens gave it to us is not unfit for any child.

The book itself is well printed, well illustrated, and well bound, and the explanatory notes are capital. Dickens, by the way, was born on February 7th, 1812, and not in 1809.

* *The Children's Pickwick*. Chosen and annotated by Thos. Cartwright, B.A., B.SC. (Lond.). London: T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1s. 6d.

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

April 1.—"I don't believe that harmless cheerfulness, and good humour are thought greater sins in heaven than shirt-collars are."—*Old Curiosity Shop*—Kit Nubbles.

April 2.—"I cannot but think, with a view to the principle and its tendency to elevate or deepen the character of the industrious classes, that a Public Charity is immeasurably better than a Private Foundation, no matter how munificently the latter may be endowed."—*American Notes*.

April 3.—"Any King or Queen can make a lord, but only the Devil himself—and the graces—can make a Chesterfield."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Sir John Chester.

April 4.—"We never know wot's hidden in each other's hearts; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need to keep the shutters up, some on us, I do assure you."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mrs. Gamp.

April 5.—"Hope is a buoy, but like any other buoy, it only floats; it can't be steered anywhere."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

April 6.—"Matrimony is proverbially a serious undertaking. Like an overweening predilection for brandy-and-water, it is a misfortune into which a man easily falls, and from which he finds it remarkably difficult to extricate himself."—*Sketches by Boz*.

April 7.—"Light hearts, light hearts, that float so gaily on a smooth stream, that are so sparkling and buoyant in the sunshine, . . . how soon ye sink in troubled waters!"—*Barnaby Rudge*.

April 8.—"Nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms—oftenest, God bless her, in female hearts."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

April 9.—"Don't speak slightlyingly of a true heart, . . . even in jest."—*The Battle of Life*.

April 10.—"No man knows how much he can spend till he tries."—*Pickwick Papers*—Mr. Tony Weller.

April 11.—"Sometimes one mistake leads to another. A man drops a bit of orange-peel on the pavement by mistake, another man treads on it by mistake, and there's a job at the hospital."—*No Thoroughfare*—Joey Ladle.

April 12.—"Pride is one of the seven deadly sins, but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope."—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

April 13.—"The time will come when this hair of your mother's will be grey, and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles. . . . Take care, while you are young, that you can think in those days, 'I never whitened a hair of her dear head—I never marked a sorrowful line in her face.'"—*Bleak House*—Trooper George.

April 14.—"Cant as we may, and as we shall to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it."—*American Notes*.

April 15.—"Half a grain of reality, like the smallest portion of some other scarce natural productions, will flavour an enormous quantity of diluent."—*Little Dorrit*.

April 16.—"I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning."—*Letter to his Son (Mr. Henry F. Dickens)*.

April 17.—"There are some who manufacture idols after the fashion of themselves, and fail to worship them when they are made; charging their deformity on outraged nature."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*.

April 18.—"May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

April 19.—"To the money-hoarder, and the mass of worldly folk, the whole great universe above glitters with sterling coin—fresh from the mint—stamped with the sovereign's head, coming always between them and heaven, turn where they may."—*Barnaby Rudge*.

April 20.—"If you have friends in adversity, stand by them."—*Our Mutual Friend*—Mr. Fledgeby.

April 21.—"Forgiveness, entire and pure forgiveness, is not incompatible with a wounded heart; perchance when the heart is wounded, it becomes a greater virtue."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

April 22.—"Every blessing on your head! Light upon your happy course."—*The Cricket on the Hearth*—Bertha Plummer.

April 23.—"O Woman, God-beloved in old Jerusalem! The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure in bearing heavy evidence against us on the Day of Judgment!"—*Martin Chuzzlewit*.

April 24.—"And virtue lives, too often, dungeons deep."—Prologue to *The Patrician's Daughter*.

April 25.—"Throughout life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise."—*Great Expectations*.

April 26.—"It's one thing to give orders, and quite another thing to take 'em. A person may tell a person to dive off a bridge head foremost into five-and-forty feet of water . . . but a person may be very far from diving."—*Dombey and Son*—Susan Nipper.

April 27.—"Men talk of Nature as an abstract thing, and lose sight of what is natural while they do so."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Mr. Charles Cheeryble.

April 28.—"A young gentleman may be over-careful of himself, or he may be under-careful of himself. He may brush his hair too regular, or too unregular. He may wear his boots much too large for him, or much too small. . . . But let him go to which extreme he may, there's a young lady in both of 'em."—*David Copperfield*—Mrs. Crupp.

April 29.—"Whatever is done for the comfort and advancement of the working man must be done by himself, so that it is maintained by himself, and there must be in it no touch of condescension, no shadow of patronage."—*Uncommercial Traveller*.

April 30.—"The form of religion does not so greatly matter if we try to do good."—*Letter to John Forster*.

THE HON. COMPANY OF MUTUAL FRIENDS

By the Rev. PHILIP FLETCHER (Brother J. GARGERY)

THROUGH the kindness of the Editor of *The Dickensian* I am permitted to introduce to its readers a Catholic Dickens Society, which I founded on October 15th, 1901, under the title of "The Honourable Company of Mutual Friends." An extract from what I wrote at the time of the founding will show the idea. "The members of the Hon. Company, of course, will have a Rule. It is a very simple one; a six-inch Rule. You can see at once what it means. It says as plainly as possible, 'Keep Straight.'

"That's the Rule of the Hon. Company. It is easier to remember than to do, but it's a good rule; and the members must try and keep it. . . . Its general aim, with regard to its members, is 'to help and cheer each other on over the Sea of Life.' That may be within its power, for there are many who want cheering. 'Do you want a helping hand? I'll try and give it you.' 'Do you feel down? Cheer up, comrade!' These should be the attitudes of 'Mutual Friends' towards one another.

"Then, again, the members must be lovers of Dickens and all his works; and to prove this, it will be a custom in the Hon. Company that every 'Companion' shall be known by the name of one of Dickens's characters. The difficulty will be that everybody will want to be Brother Tom Pinch, or Brother Captain Cuttle, or Sister Little Nell, or Sister Betsey Trotwood. This is very excusable; for who would like to be Brother Uriah Heep or Sister Betsey Prig? The difficulty must be obviated by adding the name of domicile, as Brother Tom Pinch of Hackney, for instance."

The objects of the Hon. Company are phrased thus: "To promote the reading of Dickens and the interest of one another," and I am happy to say we have been fairly successful in carrying out both.

BOFFIN'S BOWER, 77, FLEET STREET, E.C.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

MR. HARRY FURNISS gave his lecture on Charles Dickens for the first time on Thursday evening, March 1st, at the Memorial Hall, with marked success. Never conventional, never dull, in this lecture, as in everything he touches, Mr. Furniss introduced fresh ideas and original matter for reflection. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald was in the chair.

Mr. Furniss touched upon one phase of the great novelist's work after another, relating something new about all his friends and fellow-workers—Dickens's Art and his Artists, in fact. The latter subject—Dickens's artists—contained a revelation about some, but of one in particular, Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz." Mr. Furniss maintained that he never drew English people at all. Nearly all the characters drawn by "Phiz" in the whole of Dickens's works were French, not English, and the lecturer, by the aid of the illustrations, pointed out his reasons for coming to this decision, and gave as his opinion why this might well be so that "Phiz" came of a French family, who changed their name from Le Brun to Browne. The lecturer also discussed Charles Dickens's connection with *Punch*, his intimacy with John Leech, Maclise, and other well-known men of his time, interlacing his information with bright anecdote and effective pictures, leading up to the present "boom" in Dickens, the reason for the revived interest in his novels, and enlightening the younger generation with the value of the great author's work at the present time.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE arrangements for the "Old Folks' Tea," which will be provided by the Guild for the poor of Tottenham, are well advanced. The tea will be given on Saturday, April 29th, at 6.30, in St. John's Parish Hall, Vartry Road, Stamford Hill, N. The hall has been kindly lent for the occasion by the Rev. J. Lenthal Davids, Vicar of St. John's; one hundred men and women will partake of a substantial tea, with meat, and an entertainment will follow. A few more helpers are required to carve, wait, or assist by songs or recitations. The Secretary of the Guild will also be glad if members willing to take part in the programme for the "Social Gathering" at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., on May 6th (Saturday), will kindly send in their names as early as possible. Tickets for the "social" can now be obtained—members, 6d.; non-members, 1s. each. Evening dress optional.

The Guild has lately formed a "Tiny Tim" section, in which, under Miss Edith Hawthorn, little sufferers receive special massage treatment for paralysis or contraction of the limbs. This section promises to develop rapidly. Already five or six little patients attend regularly and derive much benefit, but special treatment requires special appliances, and funds being low, the work is at present limited. There is need of a crawling-rug for the babies, some little bedroom slippers, a few brewers' caps (scarlet), and, above all, a rocking-horse, on which to exercise certain contracted muscles. A cast-off "horse" will be gratefully accepted if any member who has such an article is kind enough to present it to the Guild. There is still another "want"—a poor fellow, hopelessly paralysed, drawn up into the form of the letter V, and bedridden for the last sixteen years, receives weekly supplies of papers or periodicals from the Guild library. In spite of his afflictions he is naturally cheerful, but like Lamp's Daughter, has lonely times, and just now is longing for an accordion, or something like it, with which he could sometimes amuse himself while lying in his prison bed.

MEALS FOR POOR CHILDREN

AT the Jews' Free Schools, Bell Lane, Spitalfields, the Fellowship entertained about four hundred children to dinner on March 30th, and everything was most successful connected therewith. The hall was tastefully decorated with exquisite flowers and palms sent by Lord Rothschild. The food was all one could desire for such a purpose, and the assistants were of the Jewish community, and rendered all the help that was needed. The entire management appeared to be in the hands of Miss Abadi, the head mistress, who carried out her duties well. Miss Abadi is much learned in Dickens lore, and liberally gives Dickens's works to her successful scholars in the shape of prizes. Following the meal came an entertainment by the Fairy Tale Society, conducted by Mr. Curzon-Eyre, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the youngsters. Mr. Rowlands, of Wimbledon, created roars of laughter by his comic illustrations and his tricks. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Miss Miniken, Mr. Miller, Mr. Gadsden, and Mr. Lickis, with Mr. Sidney Marriott, were the more prominent members of the Fellowship present, and both Mr. Palmer and Mr. Marriott addressed the meeting concerning the Fellowship and its doings, and the work and desires of the master for the welfare of all classes. The presentation of oranges and sweets to the children closed an evening which was of considerable pleasure to all concerned.

WINNIPEG BRANCH

AT the meeting which was held on the 14th February papers were read by members on "Places made famous by Dickens." Mr. F. J. Gascoigne gave a very lucid description of Montreal, and made some very interesting remarks in regard to Charles Dickens's associations with that city. Dr. Woollard read the chapter from *Pickwick Papers* in which Bob Sawyer's mode of business in Bristol is described. Mr. W. Stapleton also read a chapter from *Pickwick Papers*, the one wherein Mr. Winkle makes love to Miss Arabella Allen. This was peculiarly interesting to the reader on account of the close proximity of his birthplace to the scene of Mr. Winkle's love-making.

On February 28th Dr. Munro was to have given an address on "Sketches of Dickens's Young Men," but he was unable to fulfil his promise, and so Dr. Woollard took the opportunity of reading his deferred paper on "Dickens as a Social Reformer." In the course of a very able paper the doctor drew attention to the author's remarkable influence on public opinion, which directly resulted in radical reforms of Poor Law administration, the abolition of a tyrannical school system, and by the most powerful satire drew attention to and reformed the inefficiency of the police protection of his time, and apathy in the prevention of crime. The doctor claimed that the secret of his success was to be found in the fact that every character depicted by him finds its prototype in every section of society, and that Charles Dickens, as a stimulator of individual and public charity, was responsible to a greater extent than any man has ever been.

BRIGHTON BRANCH

MR. FRANK SPEAIGHT duly paid his long-looked-for visit to this branch on Wednesday, March 8th, and gave his popular recital of *Pickwick Papers*, in six chapters, at the Lecture Hall, Steine House. Despite the very wet evening, there was a large audience; in fact, the largest that has ever been brought together under the auspices of the branch. Mr. Henry Davey (President of the Brighton and Hove Natural History and Philosophical Society) was in the chair, and, before introducing Mr. Speaight, took the opportunity of delivering a very effective reply to some criticisms of Dickens and the Fellowship which had been appearing recently in the *Brighton Herald*. Mr. Speaight for two hours kept the audience in a continual bubble of merriment.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

AT the monthly meeting of this branch two papers were read, the first on "The Lawyers of Dickens," by Mr. H. Weston Wells, who gave a short sketch of each of the solicitors referred to in Dickens's works—Mr. Pell, the pettifogging, cadging attorney; Dodson and Fogg, the very emblems of sharp practice; Perker, Pickwick's solicitor, and Grewgious, of *Edwin Drood*, two very different types of family lawyers; and Tulkinghorn, the repository of the secrets of noble families; Sampson Brass and Uriah Heep, obsequious and sneaking hypocrites; Kenge and Carboy, and their clerk Guppy; Mr. Vholes, in *Bleak House*; Spiker and Gulpidge, important individuals connected with the government and banking interests; Mortimer Lightwood, the clientless solicitor, and his smart boy; and Mr. Jaggers, the Old Bailey lawyer, at once the hope and the terror of his large connection among the criminal classes. Miss Edith Sayers contributed the second paper on "His Inexhaustible Babies," referring, of course, to Dickens, the title being derived from Bella Harmon's "The Inexhaustible—a Baby of Wonderful Intelligence." Mr. and Mrs. Veneering's aristocratic infant, "Our Johnny," whom the Golden Dustman and his delightful old wife wished to adopt, but who was taken bad with something which the doctor called a very long word for spots, and died, after arranging his worldly affairs, in the Children's Hospital; the Pockets' baby at Hammer-smith, which was not brought up, but tumbled up; and the pathetic little figure of Caddy Jellyby's (Mrs. Prince Turveydrop's) baby; the Nubbles baby in *The Old Curiosity Shop*; and Sally Tatterby, a very Moloch of a baby, on whose altar the whole existence of her young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice; Dot's wonderful baby in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, which John was afraid to touch for fear he might crack it; the MacStringers' piebald baby, half its life black in the face from holding its breath after repeated spankings; the Kenwigs' "fine boy," and the Kitterbells and the Bloomsbury christening all came in for attention.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

A PROGRAMME of selections from Dickens's writings was admirably carried out at a meeting of this branch held at the Municipal Buildings, Ealing, on March 17th. Miss Edith Mead opened with a very artistic rendering of "Miggs's Watch," from *Barnaby Rudge*. Mr. W. Chevob came next with a reading from *Little Dorrit*, "Arthur Clennam Meets His Early Love," which was given in the best style of this experienced reader, and he was followed by Miss Florence Watson, whose dramatic recital of "The Flight of Little Em'ly," from *David Copperfield*, well deserved the hearty applause which it evoked. Miss Helen Brinckmann, who contributed character sketches of "Miss Tox," "Rosa Dartle," and "The Vengeance," acted with remarkable power. A capital reading of the charming story, "Mr. The Englishman," from *Somebody's Luggage*, was given by Miss Eilien Hughes. Mr. H. C. Tyrrell presented something new in the way of readings in "A Portrait of James I.," from *A Child's History of England*, and "The Coliseum at Rome," from *Pictures from Italy*, which the reader gave with his usual admirable skill. Miss Edith Mead again delighted her audience by a recital of "The Four Miss Willisses," from *Sketches by Boz*, and Mr. Chevob brought an enjoyable evening to a close with the quarrel between Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig when that famous couple fell out.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

A MEETING of this branch was held on Friday, March 3rd, at the Athletic Institute, when a paper was read by Mr. Charles Askew, entitled "Through Dickens's Life." Mr. Edward J. Timmings presided. Mr. Askew dwelt chiefly upon the literary creations of the master, and the source of some of his characters. Two selected readings followed, Mr. W. H. Coley giving "The Story of the Goblins who Stole a Sexton," and Mr. Percy Askew, a reading from *Pickwick Papers*, "Dingley Dell."

SHEFFIELD BRANCH

THERE was an attractive programme at the monthly meeting of the Sheffield branch, held at the Cutlers' Hall on March 17th. Mr. R. W. Dodsworth presided. It was decided to hold a smoking concert at the Royal Victoria Hotel, on April 28th. The hotel has been placed gratuitously at the disposal of the branch, and an excellent programme is promised. Miss R. Mawson gave a recital from Jerome K. Jerome's *My Uncle's Bulldog*, and this was followed by a reading by Mr. G. W. Parker of "The Ghost of Art." "Confessions Found in a Prison" was the subject of a recital by Miss H. Roberts, after which the Secretary (Mr. Padmore) read an interesting paper entitled "A Few Minutes with Samuel Weller," being selections from chats by Weller with Pickwick.

Mr. Frank Speaight gave to a crowded audience, at the Montgomery Hall, on March 4th, his recital of *Pickwick Papers*, in six chapters. Mr. Speaight was at his best. Every word that Dickens wrote was given the fullest weight of expressive interpretation it would bear. The best came last, in the recital of the great trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, with its masterly representation of Serjeant Buzfuz and its not less skilful outline sketches of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. Councillor John Derry, President of the Sheffield branch, discharged the very simple duty of introducing the reciter to his audience, which included the Lord Mayor.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

THE monthly meeting was held on February 28th at the C.M.S. Hall, Park Street, Mr. A. J. Tonkin (Vice-President) being in the chair. There was a good attendance. Miss Ethel Dugdale was to have read a paper on "Dickens: Idealist and Realist," but she was prevented from being present by serious illness, and to fill the vacancy the President gave a short paper on *Our Mutual Friend*. He analysed the book skilfully and in a most interesting way. He argued that it was among the very best productions of Dickens, and it contained some of his best work of characterisation. Mr. Tonkin illustrated his paper with three short readings. Following this, Mrs. Tonkin, Miss Peacock, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Milpas gave a sketch from *Nicholas Nickleby*, the selection being "The Old Men Next Door." The meeting closed with the scene between Mr. Squeers and Peg Sliderskew, which was given by Mr. Tonkin.

The Society gave an entertainment at the Domestic Mission, Montague Street, on Monday evening, March 13th. The Missioner, Mr. J. B. Robinson, presided over a good attendance. The programme of recitals was interspersed with songs and musical items. Miss Berry played a pianoforte solo. The amusing episode "Mr. Pickwick and the Cabman" was rendered by Mr. Down. Next came "The Women of Mumbles Head," by Mrs. Tonkin. A violin solo was contributed by Miss Gubbin. "Mr. Bumble's Courtship" was recited by Miss Bruford. Miss Tabram and Mr. H. Theo. Jones added interesting items. A pianoforte duet was played by Miss Thatcher and Miss Peacock. The Secretary of the Dickens Society (Mr. C. Andrews) contributed "Dr. Marigold's Prescription." All the items were heartily applauded.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

AT the March meeting the Rev. R. W. G. Hunter read a valuable paper on "Charles Dickens: His place in English Literature." Mr. John Pendleton presided, and an interesting discussion followed the paper, Messrs. Vaughan, Gadd, Humphreys, and others taking part. In illustration of special points in the paper, Mr. G. F. Gadd read a selection from *A Tale of Two Cities*, and Mr. J. W. Smith recounted Mr. Pickwick's adventures at Ipswich. An interesting communication was read to the meeting from the great-grandson of Mr. Huffam, the godfather of Charles Dickens.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS BRANCH

AN enjoyable evening was spent by the members of this branch, at the Lower Public Hall, on March 7th. Mr. E. E. Clarke, the chairman, remarked that one of the characteristics of Dickens's life, as well as of his writings, was his joyousness of heart. He rejoiced at the success of the Fellowship, and thought that the very word Fellowship was as if the genius of Dickens had inspired it. Mr. C. Elvey Cope, A.R.C.O., read an interesting paper on "Dickens and Characterisation." Miss Elworthy and Mrs. Alfred Cruttenden gave admirable recitations from Dickens's works. Mr. W. Scotcher, jun., gave some capital anecdotes of the novelist. Songs by Mr. W. J. Ockenden and Mr. J. A. Gallop were much enjoyed, as were also a recitation and song by Miss Elvey Cope.

At the April meeting the President of the branch, Mr. Harry Furniss, will occupy the chair.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT BRANCH

AT the fortnightly meeting, held on Thursday evening, March 9th, at 5, St. Andrew's Square, a paper was read by Miss Hutchinson Stirling, M.A., Vice-President, on "Some Extinct Types." Limiting her sketch to the beginning of the last century, the essayist selected as her subject the old beau and the old belle, now passed away. Numerous and clever portraits were drawn of those quaint characters of bygone times, and in striking contrast the names and customs of to-day were presented, and the conclusion drawn that the change was an improvement to society in general. On the motion of the President, Miss Hutchinson Stirling was most cordially thanked.

The second meeting of the month was held on March 23rd, when a paper was read by Mr. James Wilkie, Vice-President, entitled "Dickens and the Stage." An interesting account was given of the different occasions on which the great novelist appeared on the stage, both in this country and America, and of the capacities in which he distinguished himself as actor, and stage and general manager, leading up to the question whether the star of his genius might not have shone more brightly if he had restricted himself to the stage, rather than to the field of authorship. This question the essayist decided in the negative. The President occupied the chair, and after an interesting discussion, Mr. Wilkie received a cordial vote of thanks.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE Elocutionary Championship promoted by this branch took place in the Albert Hall, on March 6th, in the presence of a large audience. There were two companies, one of ladies and one of gentlemen, and the prizes were: For ladies: Gold championship medal, presented by Mrs. Emmanuel; silver medal, presented by the Mayoress of Portsmouth; bronze medal, presented by Mr. B. W. Matz. For gentlemen: Gold championship medal, presented by the President, Alderman Emmanuel, J.P.; silver medal, presented by the Mayor of Portsmouth; and bronze medal, presented by Mrs. Meggs. The pieces recited had to be from the works of Dickens. The Rev. William Garwood, M.A., Vice-President of the Southampton branch and lecturer on elocution and voice production, acted as judge, and his awards were:—Ladies: Gold medal, Miss Eades; silver medal, Miss Farrow; bronze medal, Mrs. Cook. Gentlemen: Gold medal, Mr. Ripper; silver medal, Mr. Herman; bronze medal, Mr. MacDougall. Competition was very keen, and the judge's task was an exceedingly difficult one. The recitals were interspersed by a glee and part-song, rendered by a well-trained male choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Burry, the piece selected being Sam Weller's "Bold Turpin Vunce on Hounslow Heath." The Portsea Handbell Ringers also gave several excellent selections.

BRIXTON BRANCH

ON Monday, March 27th, a meeting of the above was held in the Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church. The chair was taken by Mr. S. R. Marriott. Two selected readings were given by the Rev. A. Thurston Pain, Stockwell, from *Nicholas Nickleby* and the *Old Curiosity Shop* respectively. The rev. gentleman read in most excellent style, giving entire satisfaction to a full audience. In the course of the evening the Chairman made some remarks as to the abolition of the old Yorkshire schools, as a result primarily of Charles Dickens directing public attention to the subject in the *Nickleby* pages; he also referred to the progress of national education in England during the last sixty years. Mr. J. Skeen followed with some remarks as to Nell's grandfather's keen spirit of gambling, and regretting that that self-same spirit was so much in evidence and prevalent amongst all classes of society in England at the present time. Two songs were admirably rendered by Miss M. Grinyer during the evening. A vote of condolence was awarded to the Secretary, who for the first time during the last two years was absent from his post of office in consequence of temporary illness.

A Dickensian occasion, not officially connected with the Fellowship, was held on Sunday, March 19th, under the auspices of the Guild Meeting (Brixton Independent Church), Mr. W. Strachan occupying the chair, in the Church Parlour. A paper, carefully digested and arranged, on the "Life and Works of Charles Dickens," was read by Mr. S. R. Marriott, and fully commanded the interested attention of the audience. The boyhood and youth of Dickens, his early struggles and deprivations, his hard experiences in the rough school of life, and his personal acquaintance with the humble side of London society, had helped him to become the special pleader and sympathetic exponent of the joys and sorrows of the poor. Following his career in literature, and commencing with his first effort—dropped with "trembling hope" into the editorial box of the old *Monthly Magazine*, 1833—there came under review "The Green Leaves" of the many beautiful creations with which, from time to time, his genius has enriched the world during thirty-five years of the last century. These remain with us, the noblest monument of his labours. The Chairman made some observations anent the subject under consideration, followed by a few appreciative remarks by Mr. R. Allbut. After tea (served in the Ladies' Parlour), at the request of the Chairman, Mr. Allbut gave a recital of "The Funeral of Little Nell," which was well received.

FOREST GATE AND DISTRICT BRANCH

ON Wednesday evening, March 15th, a meeting was held at the Forest Gate Public Hall, when Mr. James E. Palmer delivered a lecture entitled "Rambles in Dickens-land." The lecture proved decidedly interesting, and was illustrated by many lantern views. Mr. A. A. Banes during the evening addressed the large audience. He said that Dickens was not a cultured writer, but still what he did write seemed to go straight to the heart. If any of them felt depressed, he would advise them to read a few pages of *Pickwick*, while, if they felt too happy, a few lines of "The Death of Little Nell" would soon lower their spirits.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH

ON March 1st Mr. A. W. Hayes gave at the Public Hall a recital of *David Copperfield*. The fine recital was interspersed by a musical programme rendered by Mr. A. Kingstone and Miss Stoneley. Miss Gertrude Carver acted as accompanist. The chair was taken by Mr. Parker Woodward. As a result of the evening's success the Teachers' Cricket Club will benefit considerably.

BENALLA (AUSTRALIA) BRANCH

THIS branch held its birthday celebration on February 7th, the Rev. W. Parker presiding. Mr. Tattam gave a most interesting address, in which he dealt with *David Copperfield*. He said that it had been said that Dickens's love of fun was a grave fault—that he would make game of his own father. If Micawber was his father, then it was well Dickens could make game of him; otherwise he would have despised him. Dickens alone, of all great English writers, possessed the three essentials of a great teacher. He was a master of humour, pathos, and dramatic expression.

Mr. Tattam and Mr. Parkes gave excellent recitations from *David Copperfield*.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE fourth entertainment took place on March 16th at 140, High Street. Especially good readings from *Bleak House*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, etc., were given by Mrs. and Mr. Seaward and Mr. Stansfield Greenwood. Mr. Frank Davis gave a fine rendering of "Sam Weller's Valentine." The Misses Gadd and E. Child contributed excellent pianoforte solos, and Miss V. Hancock a song. Two part-songs were extremely well rendered. A vote of thanks was accorded to the Hon Secretary, Miss E. E. Moody, for arranging such excellent programmes. The branch now numbers one hundred members.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

A WELL-ATTENDED meeting of the Shrewsbury branch was held at Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, on March 22nd. Mr. John Pool presided, and an excellent reading on "How to Work an Election" (*Pickwick Papers*) was given by Mr. Joseph Jenks.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

THE Assembly Hall, Melbourne, was filled on February 7th by lovers of Dickens, who attended to assist in the birthday celebration arranged by the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Frank Scrivener was in the chair, and after an introductory lecture by Mr. A. P. Du Soir, sketches from the works of Dickens were given. The humorous side was illustrated by Mr. H. M. Marks, who gave a dialogue between Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney, from *Oliver Twist*. "Sydney Carton's Sacrifice," from *A Tale of Two Cities*, was recited by the Rev. E. Rorke. Tragedy was represented by "Smike's flight, capture, punishment, and rescue," from *Nicholas Nickleby*, and was recited by Mr. J. H. Crowther. A musical entertainment was provided by Mesdames Parker and Rorke and Mr. J. H. Hardie.

YORK BRANCH

MISS KIDSON, of the Leeds branch of the Dickens Fellowship, was the entertainer at the meeting of the York branch in the Merchants' Hall, Fossgate, on Wednesday night, and had the pleasure of giving her paper on "Captain Cuttle: his Character and Quotations," to a large attendance presided over by Mr. Midgley.

Miss Kidson pointed out that Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's character Captain Kettle and Dickens's Captain Cuttle were sailors of totally different periods, but both had characteristics alike. She read many interesting passages from the book of which Captain Cuttle is the hero, showing the refined traits of the old salt's character, despite a stormy life—his simplicity, his tenderness of heart, and the beauty of his character, which was practically revealed in his love of protecting Florence when his reverence for her was so great that he would not hold her in his arms when she was unconscious. "Such traits are the very violets and forget-me-nots of our literary bouquet," said Miss Kidson, who, after referring to the generosity of her subject with his money, quoted a number of the Captain's ballads. Dickens was not read for his style, but for his humanity. Captain Cuttle, as portrayed by Dickens, lived and moved in the pages of the book. In concluding, Miss Kidson compared the subject of her paper to the character of another great master, Thackeray, who created Colonel Newcome. Both these characters were everything that was contained in the meaning of the word gentleman.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Frozen Deep, and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. Popular Edition, with introduction dealing with Dickens and the play. Cloth, 1s. net. London: Chatto and Windus.

A Tale of Two Cities. In Cameo Classics. Cloth, 6d. London: The Library Press.

Favourite Characters from Charles Dickens. By Fred Barnard. Two series; 1s. each net. London: Cassell and Co.

A Tale of Two Cities. Illustrated by Fred Barnard and "Phiz." Sewed, 6d. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil: a comedy in five acts. Adapted by I. M. Pagan from *Martin Chuzzlewit*. 1s. net. London: J. M. Dent and Co.

ARTICLES, ETC., IN NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

"The Dickens Fellowship." By W. J. Gadsden. London: *Magnolia Leaves*, March.

"Charles Dickens and the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution." *Journal of Horticulture*, March 2nd.

"Mr. Micawber's Age." *T.P.'s Weekly*, March 3rd.

"Pink Jail"—Dickens's villa near Genoa. Illustration. *Sphere*, March 4th.

The Shakspeare and Dickens Boom. Cartoon by Harry Furniss. *The People*, March 5th.

"The Old Curiosity Shop." *T. P.'s Weekly*, March 10th.

Bibliographical Notes on Dickens and Thackeray. *Notes and Queries*, March 3rd.

Letter from Dickens to St. George's Club, Manchester. *Answers*, Mar. 11th.

Topical Philosophy (Dickens and other novelists). *Topical Times*, Mar. 11th.

Dickens or Wilkie Collins (*re Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*). *Notes and Queries*, March 18th.

My Favourite Author Competition: Charles Dickens. *Birmingham Weekly Post*, March 18th and 25th.

"Cigarette Papers" by Joseph Hatton. In *The People*, March 19th.

"Dickens: the Glorified Reporter." Letters. *Brighton Herald*, March 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

We have received the following post cards illustrating Dickens scenes and characters—

Two sets of six each, by A. Ludovici; coloured. Nos. 6,107 and 6,120. Davidson Bros.

Characters by H. Beecroft, No. 2,122; Dickens Country (Gadshill, etc.), No. 2,867; Maidstone, No. 3,916; Rochester, No. 2,651; each containing six coloured cards and one of "The Old Curiosity Shop," No. 57. F. Hartmann.

Ben Webster and Nancy Price in "Little Em'ly," No. 1,006; Portrait of Dickens by Mason, No. 560; six characters of Bransby Williams, No. 8-8E, all photos. J. Beagles and Co.

Sairey Gamp and Pickwick. A set of six each in gravure, Nos. 243, 244; three new sets of characters by Kyd, Nos. 497, 498, 499. C. W. Faulkner and Co.

Sets of twelve of Pickwick. Scenes from Novels, *Copperfield*, *Chuzzlewit*. Nos. 5,076, 5,108, 5,125, 5,134. S. Hildesheimer and Co., Ltd.

Single cards of Broadstairs, Gadshill, and Cobham; Nos. 671, 975, 1,596, 1,597 coloured; Nos. 3,239 and 3,242 platino photo. Pictorial Stationery Co.

Portrait of Dickens, by Ary Scheffer; coloured. No. 1259. The Knight series.

A Tale of Dickens's works, by Matthews and Mullins, 161, Fleet St., E.C.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

- April 4. Bristol and Clifton Branch : Public Representation of the Trial Scene from *Pickwick Papers* at Lesser Colston Hall.
- „ 5. Memorial Hall, London : Conversazione of Parent Branch of Fellowship.
- „ 5. York Branch : Monthly Meeting.
- „ 5. Shrewsbury Branch : Meeting for Readings by Members.
- „ 6. Edinburgh Branch : Paper on "Jo" (*Bleak House*), by Mr. D. M. Lindsay.
- „ 7. Manchester Branch : Annual Meeting.
- „ 7. Birmingham Branch : Paper by Mr. Richardson, and Readings by Members at Athletic Institute.
- „ 10. Portsmouth Branch : Concert arranged by Mrs. Bothwell Barron.
- „ 11. Winnipeg Branch : Public Representation of the Trial Scene from *Pickwick Papers*.
- „ 12. Brighton Branch : Readings and Recitals by Rev. George Plumb and others at Steine House, at 8 o'clock.
- „ 12. Shrewsbury Branch : Recital of *David Copperfield*, in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, in Working Men's Hall.
- „ 13. North London Jewish Literary Society : Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, Poet's Road, Canonbury.
- „ 13. Rochester Branch : Annual Meeting. Paper by Mr. J. W. T. Ley on "Dickens, the Glorified Reporter."
- „ 13. St. Bride's Institute, London : Meeting of Needlework and Charitable Guild, at 7 o'clock.
- „ 13. Brixton Branch : Sale of Work of the "Little Dorrit" Society in Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church, at 3 p.m.
- „ 14. Sheffield Branch : Paper and Readings at the Cutlers' Hall.
- „ 14. Blackheath Branch : Annual Conversazione.
- „ 17. Brixton Branch : Monthly Meeting. Programme arranged by Mr. and Miss Block.
- „ 17. Halifax : Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Alfred Hayes, at Methodist N.C. Sunday School.
- „ 18. Bristol and Clifton Branch : General Business Meeting.
- „ 19. Stockport Branch : "Dickens and Children," by Mr. Edward Helm, in Librarian's Room, Sunday School.
- „ 19. Liverpool Branch : "An Evening with Dickens," by Captain F. J. Davis, R.N., at Common Hall, Hackins Hey.
- „ 19. Forest Gate and District Branch : Recital from Dickens's works by Mr. Toscenie at the Public Hall, Forest Gate.
- „ 19. Shrewsbury Branch : Meeting for Readings by Members.
- „ 20. Edinburgh Branch : "Some Thoughts on the Dramatic Element in Dickens," by Miss I. M. Pagan.
- „ 20. Southampton Branch : Monthly Meeting.
- „ 24. Brixton Branch : "Kentish Dickens-land," by Mr. Robert Allbut.
- „ 25. Winnipeg Branch : Conversazione.
- „ 28. Birmingham Branch : Social Evening at the Athletic Institute.
- „ 28. Sheffield Branch : Smoking Concert at Royal Victoria Hotel.
- „ 29. Stamford Hill : Tea to old folks by the Needlework and Charitable Guild at St. John's Parish Hall, Vartry Road.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BRANCHES AND WINTER PROGRAMMES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—In answer to the letter of your correspondent Mr. Frank Yoxall in the *Dickensian* of last month about his next syllabus, I would venture to suggest to him that a little music, both vocal and instrumental (contributed by members only), interspersed with the readings, recitations, and papers read from Charles Dickens's works, generally enlivens the evening's programme, and seems to please all—at least I have found it so during this our first session here. I am already preparing the syllabus for the Session 1905-6, and I shall do it on these lines, as I find it successful, both in this and in similar undertakings in which I have taken the most responsible part.

Very truly yours, E. E. MOODY,
Hon. Secretary Southampton and District Branch.

123, MILLBROOK ROAD, SOUTHAMPTON,
March 1st, 1905.

LOCKET REPRESENTING A FISHY OLD EYE

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed may be of interest to some students of Dickens, who may not be aware of the origin of the allusions to a "locket representing a fishy old eye," which was worn by Miss Tox.

Yours truly, C. W. CHRISTALL.

21, MALVERN ROAD, DALSTON, N.E.,
14th March, 1905.

"Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife of George IV., is responsible for a revived art—the art of painting a single eye in miniature. An exhibition of such isolated eyes, just opened in Bond Street, reminds us that this art of depicting the single eye began with a commission given by the Prince Regent to Cosway to take sittings—if that is the term—for the eye of Mrs. Fitzherbert. And in due time the royal eye came in return to the bosom of Mrs. Fitzherbert set in diamonds as a brooch."—*Tablet*, March 11th, 1905.

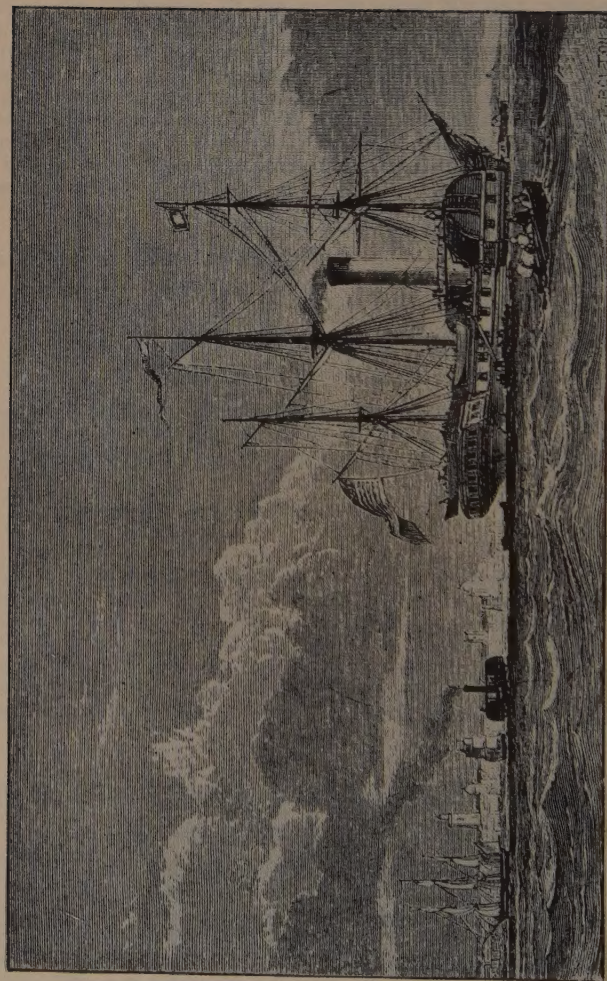
PROPOSED ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF SECRETARIES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

SIR,—Now that the Fellowship is firmly established and there are so many branches in England, is it not possible to arrange for an Annual Conference of the Secretaries of those branches? If this could be done, it would keep the branches closely in touch with one another, and could not fail to materially assist our common cause. It might occupy one or two days, and, if it could be arranged for a convenient centre, I, for one, should be pleased to attend. Might I suggest either Birmingham or Nottingham, as being as near the common centre of the branches as possible? I certainly think it would be a good thing, and shall be glad to hear what Dickensians generally think of it.

Yours faithfully, THOS. W. PADMORE,
Hon. Secretary Sheffield Branch.

126, ALBERT ROAD, SHEFFIELD.



STEAMSHIP "BRITANNIA."
FROM A DRAWING BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.